DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

THE SLAVE TRADE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

"The slave trade," we think we hear our readers exclaim, "there is no slavery now! Surely the last of that was done away with twenty odd years ago." Was it? Listen to the words of Commander Cameron of the Royal Navy, one of the most noted of African Explorers whom Great Britain has sent out. It is not of the slavery of thirty years ago he speaks but of things as they actually exist at the present moment. He asks,

"Do the people of Great Britain realize that every minute a fresh victim is seized on by the slave dealers, that not an hour passes without more than fifty being killed or torn from their homes, and that during the month of August, in which I write, and when most of us are enjoying a holiday, forty-five thousand more victims are being added to the number of those who, through Cardinal Lavigerie and others, appeal to us for aid and protection from some of the foulest criminals that ever disgraced the earth?"

And this is but putting the facts in the mildest form, and according to other authorities very much below the mark, for Cardinal Lavigerie, whose diocese is in Africa, maintains that, so far from Commander Cameron's statement being an exaggeration, no hour passes that does not witness the murder of two hundred of these unfortunate people.

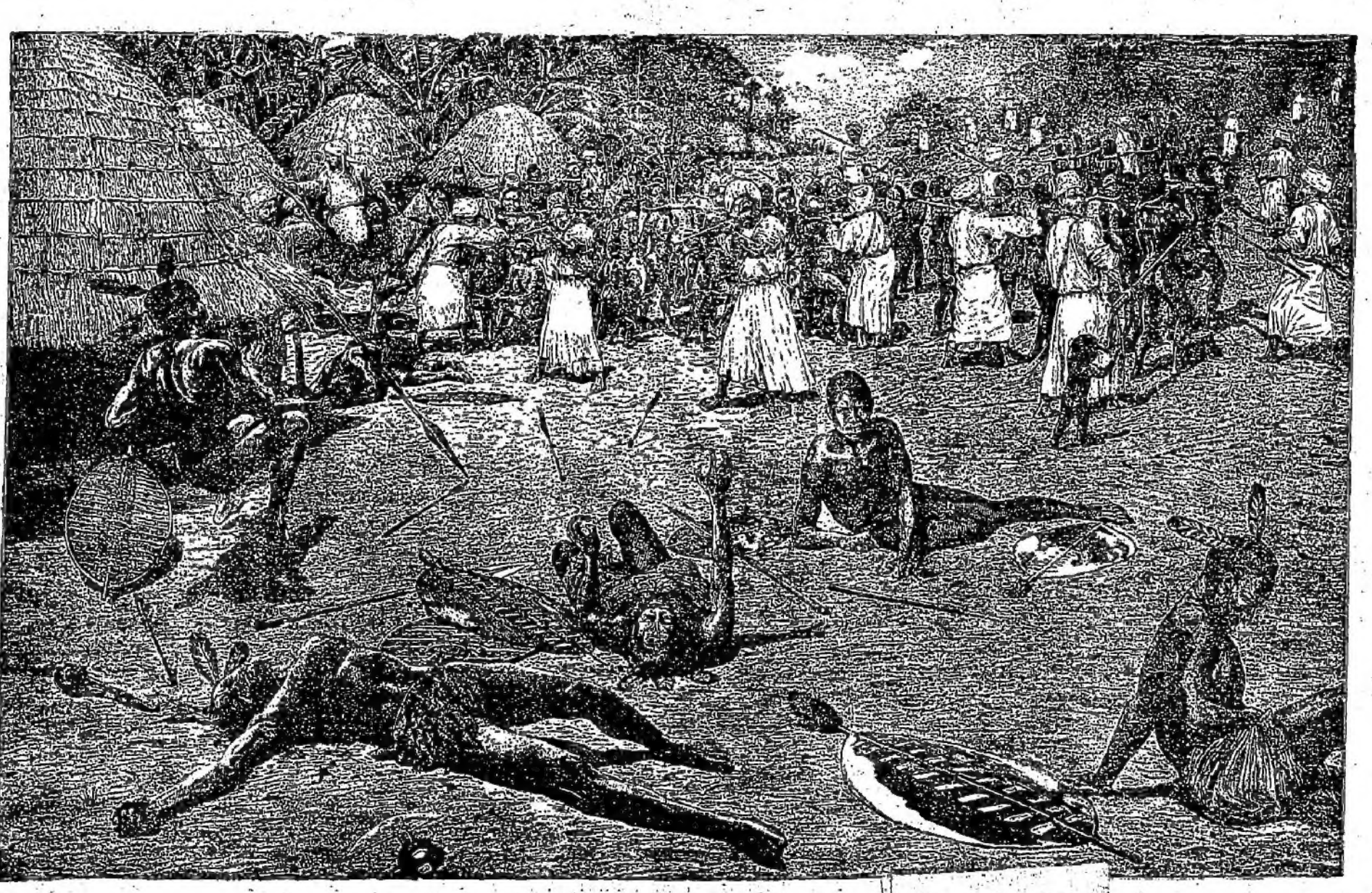
A short time ago a British cruiser sailing in the southern part of the Red Sea captured a slaver making for Arabia and rescued two hundred slaves. That was a noble act and well done, but how much actual misery did the condition of those two hundred unfortunates represent? At the very lowest estimate, to obtain this pitiful two hundred, six thousand unfortunates were dragged from their homes and all but this small remnant perished by the way. And this is again but the lowest calculation, for the British Consul at Zanzibar declares that for every slave got alive to the coast not thirty but one hundred lives are sacrificed.

"But who are the slave hunters," many of our readers will exclaim in perplexity, "are they white men, and where do they find a market for their awful human plunder?" Let us answer this question by quoting from perhaps the latest authority who has been on the ground. Professor Henry Drummond in that last interesting work of his "Tropical Africa," devotes a whole chapter to this "Heart Disease of Africa" and gives the causes for it in the simplest and clearest detail.

"The life of the native African," he says, "is not all idyll. It is darkened by a tragedy whose terrors are unknown to any other people under heaven. Of its mild domestic slavery I do not speak nor of its revolting witchcraft, nor of its endless quarrels and frequent tribal wars. These minor evils are lost in the shadow of a great and national wrong. Among these simple and unprotected tribes, Arabs,—uninvited strangers of another race and nature—pour in from north and east with the deliberate purpose of making this paradise a hell. It seems the awful destiny of this homeless people to spend their lives in breaking up the homes of others. Wherever they go in Africa the followers of Islam are destroyers of peace, the breakers up of the patriarchal life, the dissolvers of the family tie. Already they hold the whole continent under one reign of terror. They have effected this in virtue of one thing—they possess firearms, and they do it for one object—ivory and slaves, for these two are one. The slaves are needed to buy ivory with; then more slaves have to be stolen to carry it. So living man himself has become the commercial currency of Africa. He is locomotive, he is easily acquired, he is immediately negotiable.

"Arab encampments for carrying on a wholesale trade, in this terrible commodity are now established all over the heart of Africa. They are usually connected with wealthy Arab traders at Zanzibar and other places on the coast and communication is kept up by caravans which pass, at long intervals, from one to the other. Being always large and well supplied with the material of war, these caravans have at their mercy the feeble and divided native tribes through which they pass, and their trail across the continent is darkened with every aggravation of tyranny and crime. They come upon the scene suddenly; they stay only long enough to secure their end, and disappear only to return when a new crop has arisen which is worth the reaping.

"Sometimes these Arab traders will actually settle for a year or two in the heart of some quiet community in the remote interior. They pretend perfect friendship; they molest no one; they barter honestly. They plant the seeds of their favorite vegetables and fruits—the Arab always carries seeds with him—as if they meant to stay forever. Meantime



A SLAVE RAID IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

they buy ivory, tusk after tusk, until great piles of it are buried beneath their huts, and all of their barter-goods are gone. Then one day, suddenly, the inevitable quarrel is picked. And then follows a wholesale massacre. Enough only are spared from the slaughter to carry the ivory to the coast; the grass-huts of the village are set on fire; the Arabs strike camp, and the slave-march, worse than death, begins. This last act in the drama, the slave march, is the aspect of slavery which, in the past, has chiefly aroused the passions and the sympathy of the outside world, but the greater evil is the demoralization and disintegration of communities by which it is necessarily preceded. It is essential to the traffic that the region drained by the slaver should be kept in perpetual political ferment, that in order to prevent combination, chief should be pitted against chief, and that the moment any tribe threatened to assume a dominating strength it should either be broken up by the instigation of rebellion among its dependencies, or made a tool of at their expense. The inter-relation of tribe with tribe is so intricate that it is impossible to exaggerate the effect of disturbing the equilibrium at even a single centre. But, like a river, a slave-caravan has to be fed by innumerable tributaries all along its course—at first in order to gather a sufficient volume of human bodies for the start, and afterwards to replace the frightful loss by desertion, disablement, and death. * * * * * * Many at home imagine," continues Professor Drummond, "that the death knell of slavery was struck with the events which followed the death of Livingstone. In the great explorer's time we heard much of slavery; we were often appealed to; the Government busied itself and something was really done. But the wail is already forgotten, and England hears little now of the open sore of the world. But the tragedy I have alluded to is repeated every year and every month—witness such recent atrocities as those of the Upper Congo, the Kassai and Sankaru region described by Wissmann of the Wello-Inakua district referred to by Van Gele. It was but yesterday an explorer, crossing from Lake Nyassa to Lake Tanganyika, saw the whole southern end of Tanganyika peopled with large and prosperous villages. The next to follow him found not a solitary human being—nothing but burned homes and bleaching skeletons. It was but yesterday, the close of 1887, that the Arabs at the north end of Lake Nyassa, after destroying fourteen villages with many of their inhabitants, pursued the population of one village into a patch of tall, dry grass, set it on fire, surrounded it, and slew with the bullet and the spear those who crawled out from the more merciful flames."

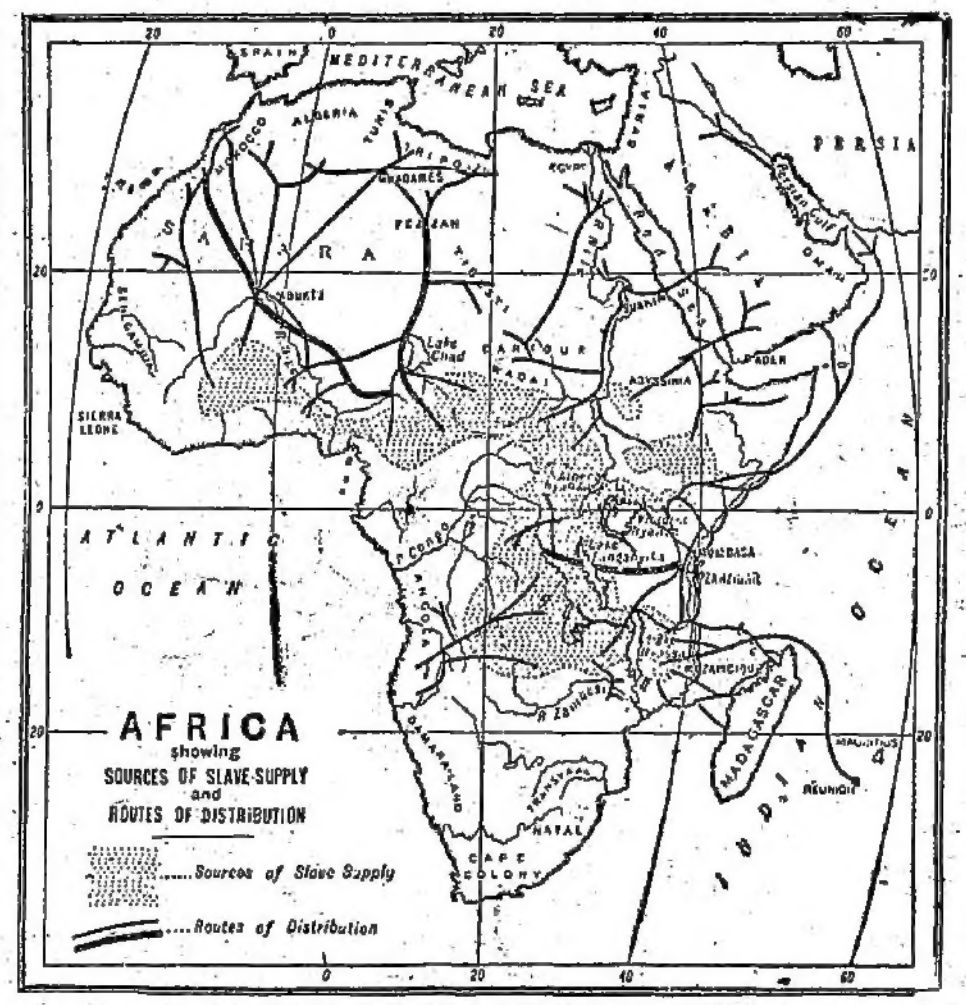
Some idea of the extent of country lying under this curse may be got from a glance at the accompanying map, which shows the principal districts harassed by slave hunters. Here and there throughout these districts are tracts of country aggregating hundreds of thousands of square miles, once densely populated with happy, prosperous peoples, but now with not one human being left to tell the tale. And in the heart of one of these spots Dr. Livingstone died for Africa. But the most puzzling part of the whole matter to many is, that there should be constantly carried on by the slave traders such a wholesale destruction of what is evidently to them such valuable property. But the secret lies just here. A slave is worth a good deal, but a tusk of ivory is worth more; consequently, the value of the slave lies in the amount of the more precious commodity which he can transport from the interior to the markets at the coast. Then, too, they are used as the chief barter in purchasing the ivory, but their value on the hunting grounds, or even anywhere on the march is not great enough to prevent their wholesale slaughter or, when exhausted, their abandonment to a lingering death.

But what is to be the cure of this great "open sore of the world"?

Mr. H. H. Johnson recently an English Consul on the West coast of Africa says:—

"Cardinal Lavigerie, in burning words, and with all the enthusiasm of a man who is in earnest and deeply moved, proposes a new International Crusade to drive the Arabs out of Africa. Modern Knights Templars must be prepared to settle down in and administer the lands in Central Africa, from which they have driven the Mohammedan slave raiders. Quite recently three great British trading corporations have undertaken to administer lands on the East Coast, in the Lake region, and in the Western Soudan, where the trade rages at its hottest. The task of its suppression, to which they have honestly applied themselves, is one which will need much money, much bravery, and much patience to bring about its accomplishment. Let those therefore among us whose disgust with the ravages of the Mohammedan slave-trade, and whose desires to bring about its cessation are genuine and not actuated by the object of obtaining a pleasant publicity for their refined clamor, see if they cannot co-operate in their procedure with the three British trading companies who are in the field, and who would know how to turn to practical utility what would otherwise prove a sentimental and useless crusade. But if they care not to devote either their money or their knowledge, or their persons to the cause, let them hold their peace."

And Commander Cameron writes: I cannot here enter into the description of the methods that I would adopt for dealing with this ever-increasing evil, but though to learn the name or whereabouts of a new lake, river or mountain I would not burn a single cartridge, I think it would be right, advisable and proper to use all the resources of modern warfare in order to rescue the natives of Africa from slavery, rapine, murder and sudden death. I am ready to act up to what I write, and would freely give my life in the cause of freedom, and will gladly co-operate in any possible manner either here or in Africa with those who, I trust, will resolve that this disgrace to humanity shall no longer exist."



THE SLAVE DISTRICTS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

[For the *Northern Messenger*.

THE WORK OF THE BOYS.

What is the work of the boys, do you say?
Listen and I will tell you to-day:—
This is the work of some small boys, I think,
Who are not yet rich in gold, silver or chink.

Picking up apples, feeding the hogs,
Harnessing the horse, helping load logs,
Bringing the corn from the field for the cow,
Treading the newly dried hay on the mow.

Driving the cows from the pasture home,
That under the apple trees stop to roam,—
Filling their pail with ripe berries so nice,
Setting the trap in the cellar for mice.

Riding the horse when the ploughing time comes,
Trotting him up the hill gaily for home,
Weeding the garden, shelling the peas,—
This is the work of the boys, if you please.

JOHN L. PERHAM, aged eleven years.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 30.

REVIEW.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Over what period do our lessons for the past quarter extend? Give the leading dates. How long were the Israelites in conquering Canaan? Name the leading persons referred to during the quarter. Name the leading events.

SUBJECT: THE UNFOLDING OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I. THE WORK TO BE DONE (Less. 1).—Where were the Israelites at the beginning of this quarter? Who was their leader? What work was to be done? Who held the Promised Land at that time? What must the Israelites do in order to succeed?

II. ENTERING UPON THE WORK (Less. 2, 3).—What was the first hinderance in the Israelites' way? How did they cross the Jordan? What memorial of this did they set up?

III. GOD'S MARVELLOUS WORKS FOR ISRAEL (Less. 2, 4, 10, 11).—What was the first marvellous work God wrought for Israel recorded in this quarter's lessons? To what one 40 years before is it likened? What miracle did God work at Jericho? What great deliverance through Gideon? What through Samson? Did it require faith in Joshua to lead the Israelites into the Promised Land?

IV. DEEDS OF HEROISM AND FAITH (Less. 1, 2, 4, 7, 10, 11, 12).—Did it require faith for the Israelites to cross the Jordan? What acts of faith at Jericho? What acts of heroism in Gideon and Samson? Was Ruth's choice as really heroic as these?

V. PUTTING AWAY EVIL (Less. 5, 9).—Through what wrong acts was Israel once almost defeated? How was the evil averted? What evils almost ruined the Israelites?

VI. MUTUAL HELP (Less. 2, 4, 7).—How did the Israelites help one another in crossing the Jordan? in conquering the country?

VII. RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE (Less. 12).—What example have we of piety and devotion to others' good?

VIII. APPLICATIONS.—What lessons do we learn from this quarter about obedience to God? about God's help in our times of need? about putting away evil? about courage and faith? What enemies have we to overcome? What help do these lessons give you in overcoming them?

APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.—Compare the enemies in Canaan to Intemperance and its allies. Must they be overcome in order to have a happy and prosperous nation? Will God help us? Is there need of courage and faith and mutual help? What would Achan represent in this contest? Why is strong drink an accursed thing? Can we overcome this enemy? What do we learn from this quarter's lessons as to the means of overcoming?

LESSON I.—JANUARY 6.

THE MISSION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Mark 1: 1-11.

COMMIT VERSES 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.—Mark 1: 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should prepare the way for the coming of Christ into our hearts and into the world around us.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 1: 1-11.
T. Matt. 3: 1-17.
W. Luke 3: 1-23.
Th. Isa. 40: 3-8.
F. John 1: 1-23.
Sa. John 1: 24-46.
Su. John 3: 22-36.

LIFE OF ST. MARK.—Mark, or Marcus, was his Latin surname. His Jewish name was John (the Grace of God). His mother's name was Mary, a Jewess who dwelt at Jerusalem (Acts. 12: 12). His father was probably of Greek descent. He was a cousin of Barnabas, and accompanied Paul and Barnabas to Antioch, and afterwards on their missionary journeys. He was a helper of Paul on his first imprisonment at Rome, and was with Peter at Babylon (1 Pet. 5: 13.) He died a martyr.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *The beginning*: this verse is a kind of title to the book. *Gospel*: shortened from *good* and *spell*—story, news, tidings. It is the best news ever brought to man. 2. *In the prophets*: v. 2 is from Malachi, 400 years B.C., and v. 3 from Isaiah, 700 years B. C. 3. *Prepare the way*: Eastern princes, when proposing to march with their armies through the countries where there were no roads, sent messengers before them, requiring the people to prepare the way,—make roads, fill up ravines, cast out the rough stones. So John was to prepare the way for Christ. 4. *In the wilderness*: see *Place*. *Preach*: proclaim as a herald. *Baptism of repentance*: that they should repent, and be baptized as a sign and confession of repentance. Repentance, *i. e.*, turning from sin, was the preparation for the coming of Christ. *For the remission*: forgiveness, and taking away of sin. God cannot forgive our sins till we repent of them. 5. *All the land*: the people from all parts of the land, the great body of the people. 6. *Camel's hair*: a rough but warm garment made of the coarser hairs of the camel. *Girdle of skin*: untanned leather, like that worn by the Bedawin of the present day. *Locusts*: insects something like our grasshoppers, three or three and a half inches in length. The Arabs dry and eat them with salt. They are the food only of the poorest people. *Wild honey*: *i. e.*, honey made by wild bees. It is still gathered from trees in the wilderness and from rocks in the wadies. 7. *Latchet*: leather strings or thongs, for fastening the shoes, sandals. *Worthy to unloose*: this was the work of the lowest servants. Christ was as much beyond John as a prince is beyond his lowest menial. 8. *Baptize with the Holy Ghost*: Matthew adds *and with fire*; cleansing, purifying, powerful, cheering, life-giving influences. One example was on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2.) 9. *In those days*: while John was preaching and baptizing. *From Nazareth*: his home for twenty-eight years. It was seventy miles north of Jerusalem. *Spirit like a dove*: in the form of a dove, representing his gentle, loving, attracting influences.

SUBJECT: PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE LORD.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE ONE FOR WHOM THE WAY WAS PREPARED (v. 1.—What was the beginning of the Gospel? What does the word "gospel" mean? Good news of what, and why is it good news? What three names are given to Jesus in this verse? What do you learn about Jesus from each one? Give some account of his birth and early life. Is he your Lord and King and Saviour?

II. PREPARATION BY PREACHING (vs. 2, 3).—What prophet is quoted in v. 2? (Mal. 3: 1.) Who wrote v. 3? (Isa. 40: 3, 4.) How long before Christ did these prophets live? What ancient custom is referred to in these verses? How was the way prepared? (Isa. 40: 4.) Why is John called a voice?

III. PREPARATION BY REPENTANCE (vs. 4-6).—Who prepared the way for Christ? Who was John? Give a sketch of his life? Where did he live? How was he clothed? What was his food? What did he preach? What is the "baptism of repentance"? How was it for the "remission of sins"? What was the use of being baptized? What did those who were baptized do? How did all this prepare the way for Christ? How does repentance prepare us for the coming of Christ in our hearts?

IV. PREPARATION BY POINTING TO CHRIST (vs. 7, 8.)—Would repentance alone save the people? To whom did John direct them. By what illustration did John show the superiority of Christ to himself? What were these shoes? What did John mean by saying that he was unworthy to do this service for Christ? In what other way did John express Christ's superiority? (v. 8.) What is it to be baptized with the Holy Ghost? When was this prophecy fulfilled? (Acts 2: 1-4.)

V. PREPARATION BY BAPTISM AND BY THE HOLY SPIRIT (vs. 9-11).—(1) *By baptism*. Where had Jesus lived up to this time? How old was he now? To what place did he come? Why was Jesus baptized? (Matt. 3: 15.) Why do we need to profess religion as well as live it? (2) *By the Holy Spirit*. What took place as soon as Jesus was baptized? What is meant by the opening of the heavens? In what form did the Holy Spirit come upon Jesus? Why is the Holy Spirit likened to a dove? By what words did God point out Jesus as the Messiah and Saviour of men? When will God say the same to us? (Matt. 25: 20, 21.) (3) *By victory over temptation*. Where did Jesus go immediately after his baptism? How does temptation overcome prepare us for God's work?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1889.)

1. **Jan. 6.—The Mission of John the Baptist. Mark 1: 1-11.**
2. Jan. 13.—A Sabbath in the life of Jesus.—Mark 1: 21-34.
3. Jan. 20.—Healing of the Leper.—Mark 1; 35-45.
4. Jan. 27.—Forgiveness and Healing.—Mark 2: 1-12.
5. Feb. 3.—The Parable of the Sower.—Mark 4: 10-20.
6. Feb. 10.—The Fierce Demoniac.—Mark 5: 1-20.
7. Feb. 17.—The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark 5: 25-34.
8. Feb. 24.—The Great Teacher and the Twelve.—Mark 6: 1-13.
9. Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark 8: 27-38; 9: 1.
10. Mar. 10.—The Childlike Spirit.—Mark 9: 33-42.
11. Mar. 17.—Christ's Love to the Young.—Mark 10: 13-22.
12. Mar. 24.—Blind Bartimeus.—Mark 10: 46-52.
13. Mar. 31.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—Eph. 5: 15-21.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT,

IN SUMMER, IN WINTER, AND AT ALL SEASONS.

Throw open your shutters and let the bright sunlight stream in through your darkened rooms. Fade the carpets? Well, supposing it does, isn't it better than being faded yourself and having your children, as they grow up beyond the parental control, seeking sunshine elsewhere? Let them enjoy it at home, and let your face shine forth with bright and happy smiles, and see how soon the reflection is seen on all around you. If it be cold, stir up the fire in the grate and let it crackle and snap and dance up the chimney back, and brighten the home hearth. I mind me now of a broad, old-fashioned fire-place, which was the delight of my childhood days, and though many years have passed over my head, I love it, and who would chide me for loving that old fire-place. Large sticks of wood were piled on the iron andirons, and the flames went leaping up the broad chimney, through which one could look and see the blue sky. Then when bed time came a black log was placed in the heated ashes, and in the morning one mass of glowing coals greeted the early riser. Wasn't that a place for popping corn? How each tiny kernel would burst forth in its whiteness and soon fill the popper to overflowing. All around that home hearth were happy faces, reflecting the mother love that shone over all. Did the boys seek amusement away from home winter evenings, or the girls creep off early to bed, saying "it was so lonely?" No, to them there was no place like home. Never a winter evening too long to suit us. What did we do? First there was reading aloud, in which all took turns, then we would often commit verses to memory and recite them, preparing them with all the carefulness that we would were they for a public exercise, often interspersed with singing which if it lacked harmony did not force. After this came various games with which we are all acquainted,—dominoes, authors, and often some more noisy game, as hunt the handkerchief, puss in the corner, and blind man's buff. Then there were the beechnuts and butternuts that we had gathered in the fall; and did ever any one make such molasses candy as mother? No matter how thickly the clouds may gather with the coming years, those childhood days will always glow with rosy light. Sunshine within and sunlight without. But now we have our own penates, the memory of the past reflects on the future and we strive to have home the loadstone that will attract and keep each member of the family circle within its influence. The old time habit of reading aloud, reciting pieces and singing is still retained, and the old fashioned games are played. But often a new game has more attraction simply from its novelty. Now we are all interested in bean bags, a game of home manufacture. The board is two feet by three, with a square hole in the centre of five inches; the edge of the board is raised ten inches from the floor, so that it forms an inclined plane towards the player. There are ten bags five inches square, each containing one-half pint of beans, and one bag five inches by eight with one pint of beans. We endeavor to throw them into the hole in the board; if they pass through it each bag counts ten, excepting the large bag with its twenty; if they lodge on the board five each, and ten for the larger one. But if they are off of the board it deducts five from the game for the small ones and ten for the larger bean bag. One hundred and twenty is the highest number one can make. We choose sides and find the game very interesting. The neighbors' children often come in and increase our numbers. We do not allow ourselves to grow old and are always ready to join in any of these home amusements. Though the years may slowly but surely creep over our heads, yet our hearts shall remain young. How much these social evenings brighten our long cold winters. Mothers, what may seem an effort at first to you will soon become a pleasure, and your reward will be sufficient in keeping your children about you, when years shall have added the beard to the smooth faced youth, and womanhood's grace crowned your daughters. Last summer, in passing through a family burying ground, this line on a marble stone attracted my attention, "She always made home pleasant." What nobler epitaph could one wish? I have always thought that the highest emolument a woman could receive. This one bit of advice I would give to every young woman as she leaves the parental roof for another, "Make home pleasant."—*Mizpah Hunt, in Good Housekeeping.*

FOR MOTHERS.

The importance of the mothers praying aloud with the little ones is constantly proved to us. The children in our homes are so observant. Tiny Willie, too small to be allowed at the table, sees his mother bow her head in silent grace and says: "See mamma goes to sleep before she eats, every day;" after the explanation nothing more is said. Little Howard, four years old, comes into his mother's room while she is on her knees in quiet devotion; to his eager question, he receives only "hush, hush," and waits till she is through; he is then told not to interrupt mamma when she is praying. The next night little Howard, robed for bed, is told "to kneel and say his prayers;" quickly he drops on his knees, buries his face in his hands, but utters not a word. "Go on, Howard." He does not speak. "Go on," repeats the astonished mother. "Do not interrupt me, mamma," are all the words she hears. Directly, when through according to his idea, he arises and explains, "You never say anything when you pray;" so he follows her example for two or three nights, till his mother convinces him by precept he must pray aloud. We think example is more forcible.

Need we multiply instances? Mothers, pray aloud with your children; the memory of those seasons of private prayer will be a sacred legacy.

It might be well to explain to the little questioner that when he is older and knows better what he wishes to ask God for, he can pray silently as his mother does. But while he is very young and needs to repeat prayers, like "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," he must say them aloud.

No doubt deep and lasting impressions are often made on children by having the mother take them into a room apart, and, quietly kneeling with them, in simple, tender words, commend them to the dear Redeemer. Mothers who are reluctant to do this would be persuaded to try, if they realized that the eternal welfare of a darling child might turn upon their faithfulness in the early dawn.—*Churchman.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never allow smoking in a room where there is an infant or young child, or a sick person, old or young.

Never sun feather-beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

A dish of whiting should be kept by every housekeeper. It makes nickle shine like silver and removes grease and dirt from paint without injuring it.

Never apply soap directly to any woollen garment. Make a strong hot suds and plunge the garment in it. Rinse it also in hot water and dry quickly.

It is a good plan to keep a coil of strong wire about the carriage, as it may prove useful in mending the harness should it break unexpectedly on a journey.

Don't forget to offer baby pure water several times a day, especially on warm days. It is sometimes thirsty, like yourself, and needs water to quench its thirst.

Let rich cake, rich pudding and pastry, also pickles and preserves, and all kinds of highly seasoned dishes be among forbidden foods for small and growing children.

Boiled potatoes ought to be laid out on a plate, and are then as good for frying or mashing as if they were freshly cooked. If left heaped up they will often spoil in one night.

Change of air frequently effects most astonishing cures, especially in case of fever and ague, intermittent fevers and low fevers of all kinds where the patient's condition is such as to admit of removal.

For preserving cheese from mould, cover the cheese with a piece of cotton or linen cloth saturated with strong vinegar. It will preserve the cheese as fresh as when first cut, and no flies or insects will touch it.

Oiling latches and hinges about the house regularly once a week will allow doors to shut smoothly and without creaking, a single drop of kerosene preventing the banging and harsh grating disagreeable to all and detrimental to the sick.

To prepare an egg for a sick person, beat the egg until very light; add seasoning to taste, and then steam until thoroughly warmed through. This will not take more than two minutes. The most delicate stomach will be able to digest it.

Medicine cabinets for hanging in wall corners are useful and ornamental pieces of furnishing. Some of these cabinets show very prettily carved panels on their doors, and handsome locks and handles; they are of course intended to be kept locked, and their contents are therefore invisible.

If a closet does not contain a lower shelf for shoes, a shoe-bag tacked to the inner side of the door will answer the purpose. If the bag is large enough to conceal its contents, the words "Boots," "Slippers," and "Rubbers" may be wrought with Kensington stitches upon the proper compartments.

Housekeepers who are bothered by having white marble stoops, halls or walks to keep clean can save time and labor by having them washed with a mop which has been dipped in boiling hot water and soda. A good deal of soda should be put in the water and allowed to dissolve. It is astonishingly effective.

Blue-white ceilings and walls are no longer considered handsome or even desirable, except it may be in certain places, such as pantries, store-rooms and kitchens, where there is an evidence of perfect wholesomeness, and bedchambers must now have the white broken by a tint, whether of rose, or red, or yellow, or gray.

The little white worms which sometimes make the earth in a plant jar look as if it was alive can be driven out by stopping the hole in the bottom of the jar and covering the earth with water in which you have dissolved a little lime. Let this stand for several hours, and it is not likely that you will be troubled with the worms any more.

The following is the regular routine of weekly work which a skilful housewife has adopted and carried out for forty-eight years: Monday washing; Tuesday, ironing and baking; Wednesday, sewing and mending; Thursday, extras; Friday, large baking; Saturday, cleaning and preparing Sunday dinner. A strict adherence to this routine becomes an easy habit, and saves much thought and labor in making ends meet when deviated from.

Rattan and wicker-work furniture can be very prettily treated at small expense by means of enamel colors, which may now be purchased for twenty-five cents per bottle; the colors are ivory, peach-blow, a soft opaque pink, white, azure, a soft light blue, and black; there comes also a liquid gold called Florentine, that may be used in connection with these colors; so that one may have a pink and gold, ivory and gold, or a black and gold chair, table or rocker, or one in two or more colors and gold.

For a beautiful black on wood, nothing can exceed black Japan. Apply two coats; after which, varnish and polish. For an ebonizing liquid use the following: To one gallon vinegar add a quarter of a pound of iron rust, let it stand for a week; then add a pound of dry lamp black, and three-quarters of a pound of copperas; stir it up for a couple of days. Lay on five or six coats with a sponge, allowing it to dry between each; polish with linseed oil and a soft woollen rag and it will look like ebony.

RECIPES.

POPOVERS.—One cup rich milk, one egg, one cup flour, a little salt; beat together thoroughly, first the milk and flour, then the egg and salt, fill buttered cups half full; bake in hot oven. They rise and fill the cups, often literally "popping over."

RICE CAKES.—Two cupfuls of boiled rice, one quart of milk, three eggs beaten stiff, one-half of a cupful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, flour for stiff batter. Bake in muffin rings.

A VERY CONVENIENT article to hang near the kitchen stove is a small piece of board having one side covered with zinc put on with copper tacks, and a long leather loop at one corner. This is intended to receive the tea kettle, steamer, or anything hot or sooty from the fire. It is easily cleaned with kerosene, sand, soap or Bristol brick, and can be used without danger of soiling the fingers.—*Good Housekeeping.*

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and cut oranges in small pieces, taking out all the seeds very carefully, and grate over them the rind of one. With them make a thick layer on bottom of pudding dish. Make a thick boiled custard, and when cool pour over the oranges. Use the whites of two or three eggs, well beaten to a stiff froth and slightly sweetened with a few spoonfuls of sugar, to spread over the top; then set in the oven just long enough to produce a delicate straw color, or very light brown if preferred.

CLEANSING JARS, ETC.—Jars may be cleansed without scraping if hot water, in which one or two teaspoonfuls of pearlash have been dissolved, be poured into them. The pearlash will loosen the contents clinging to the bottom and sides and they will float in the water. Bottles or utensils of any kind may be freed from grease in the same way. If living in the country, old-fashioned lye made from good hickory ashes, poured off clear, answers the same purpose, and for jugs, kegs, large kitchen utensils is as admirable for it as it was in the days of our thrifty grandmothers who had so many grievous burdens to bear, now, happily for this generation, things of the past.

SEASONED COLD MEAT.—Cut a pound of cold meat into slices or pieces. Beat up an egg, and mix with it a tablespoonful of bread crumbs, a teaspoonful each of mustard (powder), flour, pepper, oil, vinegar, Yorkshire relish (or any other sauce), half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, if liked hot, and two tablespoonfuls of milk (or water). Dip each piece of meat into this mixture, and put them into the dish they are to be served in; cook in the oven or before the fire, till the batter is set. Serve with mashed potatoes. Twenty minutes to three-quarters of an hour will generally be enough to cook it. Slices of potatoes or any other vegetables are good dipped in this mixture, and either fried or cooked in the oven.

AN OMELET: TWENTY RECEIPTS IN ONE.—Mix up four tablespoonfuls of flour with a teaspoonful each of chopped onion and parsley, sugar and vinegar, half a teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, and chopped herbs, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat up one egg and stir it in, then gradually beat in half a pint of milk or water. Pour it into a pan with some boiling lard or fat in it; when set, double it over, and serve very hot. You can fill the omelet with different ingredients, such as slices of cold potatoes fried in a little fat, in which you have mixed a little mustard, salt, sugar, and vinegar; minced cold meat, or fish heated with a little fat; a couple of bloaters, with heads cut off, nicely fried or boiled; chopped cabbage heated with butter; are indeed any little tastily flavored material you have to spare. Certainly twenty varieties of this omelet can be made.

PUZZLES.—NO. 26.

ENIGMA.

My first is surely not old,
My second is something not new,
For of it in Scripture we're told,
And of them we read of but few.

My whole is the largest city
Of one of the states rather small,
And now if you are at all witty,
My name I am sure you'll recall.

LILLIE E. GREENE.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead and curtail the seat of life and leave a part of the face.
Behead a pleasant look and leave a distance.
Behead a part of the eye and leave the whole.
Behead another part and leave a forest tree.
Behead a part of the face and leave disturbance.
Behead a motion of the eye and leave a fluid.
Behead another and leave part of a chain.
Behead a look from the eye and leave a sharp instrument.
Behead another and leave a noxious weed.
Behead that which frames the face and leave one of the elements.

LILLIE E. GREENE.

A SPELLING LESSON.

Three-fourths of a cross and a circle complete.
An upright where two semicircles do meet.
An isosceles triangle standing on feet.
Two semicircles and a circle complete.

ENIGMA.

I'm in breakfast and in supper.
I'm in under and in upper.
I'm in farther and in nearer.
I'm in lecturer and hearer.
I'm in secular and sacred.
I'm in righteousness and hatred.
I'm in either and in neither
I'm in hayfield and in heather.
I'm in evermore and never.
I'm in readjust and sever.
I'm in discernment and obscure.
I'm in discourage and allure.
I'm in vision and in idea.
I'm in purport and in appear.
I'm in treacherous and truthful.
I'm in autumn and in youthful.
I'm in winter and in summer.
I'm in officer and drummer.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 25.

OMITTED QUESTION AND ANSWER.—

Question.

5th line. 15th line.
What day is Thanksgiving?

Answer.

4th line.	8th line.	10th line.	last line.
The	last	Thursday	in Nov.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Thanksgiving.

BIBLE ENIGMA.—Bless and curse not, Rom. 12. 14.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—1. Negro River, 2. Turkey. 3. Black sea. 4. Swan Lake. 5. Pelican Lake. 6. Cape Cod.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Correct answers have been received from Mildred Wainwright, Herbert Rhodes, Hannah E. Greene, George L. Walsh, James Horn, R. W. Watson.

The Family Circle.

THE LOST KISS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up, where was broken
The tear-faded thread on my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little, inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded,
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?"
Come rowdying up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For "One 'ittle kiss for my dolly
And one 'ittle uzzer for me?"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the bare little feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—*Watchman.*

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(*By Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.*)

CHAPTER II.

Thomas Clatworthy had had an adventurous life. His childhood was passed in the restless times which followed the death of King Henry VIII. when the freedom for which men had sighed and prayed was dawning, in fitful uncertainty, upon the land. The tyrannical edicts of the imperious, headstrong king were unsafe ground for any man to build upon; it was hard to determine what was the "State religion," harder still to know how to shape one's life and doctrine so as to keep clear of outward trouble.

Down in the quiet Devon fields the Clatworthys—a family of yeomen who were proud to till their own ground, and mind their own business—tried to serve God in the way that seemed his way; praying to him, and to his crucified Son without the interference of priests and saints, and reading His Holy Word in the familiar English tongue, the language which made it their own possession instead of a difficult and darkened thing only to be interpreted by the learned.

They were simple folk, these Clatworthys; the father had that silent decision of character which might, in some circumstances, slip down into obstinacy; the mother was a stately, reserved woman, proud of her housekeeping, proud of her husband, and proud—although she would never have hinted as much to the children—of her lads and lassies, Tom and Martin, Sampson and the twins—Dorcas and pretty Doris.

But the comfort that filled the old house on the hill above the Exe was soon rudely disturbed. The days of quiet work and honest service passed away as a dream, and terrible times of trial and danger followed.

Queen Mary Tudor reigned in England, the daughter of the haughty Henry and the injured Spanish Princess Katherine of Aragon. Mary herself had suffered keenly in her young days; insults of every kind had been heaped on her by her own father, and a score of times it seemed certain that she, like so many other highborn and royal persons, would be sent to the scaffold by his command. To her mind the Protestant religion was the beginning of all her troubles, for if Henry had not broken with the Pope on account of her mother's divorce, she imagined that the country would still be in the bosom of the Roman Church. She forgot, or she did not know, that the true light that lighteth every man was shining on the world, that the scales were falling from men's eyes; that it was not King Henry's wickedness, but the mercy of the God of Truth, that had set England free from the sordid chains of Rome.

In the first year of her reign Mary married her kinsman, Philip, prince and heir of Spain; a man whose gloomy bigotry, and vicious character has left marks on the history of Europe which time has not yet effaced. The poor queen had never, hitherto, found any one to love. Her girlhood had been more miserable than words can tell—her womanhood just one long struggle against illness and misery. Now she was a queen, a wife; surely, she must have thought, happiness had dawned at length for her.

But the way to earn that happiness, she was told, was by obeying in all things the voice of her church, and submitting herself and her kingdom to Philip, whose devotion to his Roman faith was the passion of his life.

Protestantism must be stamped out of England, so the Pope and Philip declared; and the luckless Mary set her signature to death warrants that desolated her country throughout its length and breadth.

And it was not only death that was hurled forth by the infamous men Gardiner and Bonner, to whom was committed the task of "purging England from heresy." Persecutions of all kinds raged; men, women, even young children were tortured and imprisoned, and brutally put to all manner of pain to force them to deny their faith. The "Holy Inquisition," a court of tribunal from whose decisions there was no appeal, was established, and it did its terrible work most terribly.

The home where the Clatworthys lived was quickly desolated. The father was seized, and hailed to Exeter.

"Is it true that you read the Bible on Sundays to your household and your laborers?" demanded the judge.

"It is true I have not read God's Word to them as diligently as I ought," was the undaunted reply, "but if further life be given to me here, I will amend that fault by the reading of it aloud on week-days also."

What could be done with so sturdy a heretic as this but send him to the stake?

Mistress Clatworthy was stretched on the rack to force her to bear witness against her husband; while Doris, gentle, delicate Doris died of pain and grief, while in the murderous hands of the persecutors. Thomas and his young brothers had their share of trials to endure; but they were young and strong, and torture did not kill them, while they were reckoned as of too slight importance to be worth the final fiery trial. When Queen Mary's death put an end to this horrible work, they were set free, and returned to the old house on the hill. Their father and mother were dead, and their sweet sister Doris. The farm had been ravaged, the house ransacked; they were ruined. So they took Dorcas, their remaining sister, to safe shelter, and they scattered themselves; seeking work wherever toiling hands could earn their daily bread.

Martin and Sampson wandered far, and their names were lost, as was easily done in those times of rare and slow communication, but the elder brother Thomas had greatly prospered. Not at first, for it is always hard for a penniless lad to plant his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder; but the honest endurance inherited from his father, won a way for him at last. He earned enough to buy the old home back again, and there he brought his wife, and there Doris—another Doris, called after her martyred aunt—was born, and Earle his son.

A few years after the trouble of his later life fell on him. His wife and he were crossing the estuary of the river in an open boat on one of these warm summer afternoons when the very air seemed to be filled and dilated with the heat; a sudden thunder-storm burst over them, and in the furious squall, their boat was capsized. Clatworthy was a powerful swimmer, and fought hard to save the life dearer to him than his own. But the waves beat and buffeted him until his bewildered brain only knew that he was drowning. Yet he was tossed upon the shore with the life yet in him. His wife's body was never found.

For weeks he lay between life and death, and then at last some measure of strength returned. He was not to die yet; but for all his life he must exist as a helpless invalid,—dependent, crippled, shivering with ague or racked by nervous pain.

A hard fate? "Nay, dear," he would say gently, as Doris hung over him in an agony of pity, "we have no rightful measure of things down here. I have thanked our Father for what we call his good things, shall I not accept what seems to be evil at his hands? Perchance it may turn out to be the best when all is reckoned up."

(*To be Continued.*)

CULTIVATING THE MEMORY.

Every child should be taught the art of mastering anything. The first step in the process is to learn everything perfectly, and never to "scamp" a lesson. Be it short or long, be it spelling, arithmetic, grammar, or geometry, the lesson should be learned, as the school-boys says, "up the middle and down the sides, inside and out," so that the recitation shall be perfect. Mr. C. G. Leland, in his work on "Practical Education," says that this thoroughness in acquiring a lesson should be insisted on at the beginning of a child's educational training.

He thinks that no regard should at first be paid to the acquisition of mere knowledge. The object which the teacher ought to keep in mind is simply the development of the child's memory, the latent power of which may be developed to a marvellous degree.

Before the invention of printing, there were in every country in Europe thousands of men who had memories that at the present day would be considered almost miraculous. In ancient India stupendous works, such as that "three-hundred-thousand-legged-lyric," the Mahabarata, were kept in existence by memory alone.

"I have been intimate with a learned Chinese," writes Mr. Leland, "who had passed the great examination of Pekin, and I am confident that, though quite a young man, his memory contained ten times as much as that of any European I ever met. There are Jews living who can repeat by heart from any given word the whole of the Talmud, which is almost a library in itself."

Among the Highlands of Scotland a few old people may be found who can repeat thousands of verses of Gaelic poetry. The early Scandinavian bards preserved by their memories alone long epics, thousands of ballads, the legends and history of the times.

Max Muller tells us that the Brahmins of to-day do not employ either the written or printed texts in learning and transmitting their holy lore. "They learn it, as their ancestors learned it thousand of years ago, from the mouth of a teacher."

So well do these Brahmins memorize and transmit the text that their accuracy is a satire upon "the art preservative of arts," as printing has been called. There are many "various readings" in Shakespeare's works, and the "first folio" was printed only two hundred and sixty-five years ago.

"There is hardly," says Max Muller, writing of Brahminical memory, "a various reading in the proper sense of the word, or even an uncertain accent in the whole of the Rig-Veda, which consists of more than a thousand hymns, averging ten verses, and contains more than one hundred and fifty thousand words."

The Hindu Brahmin has, by nature, no better memory than the American, but it has been cultivated from his childhood. He is taught to learn one thing at a time, and to learn that perfectly.

Dr. Schliemann, the excavator of Troy, tells us that his memory was bad originally, but by will and hard work he so perfected it that he learned a new language every six months, so as to write and speak it perfectly, and that, too, while engaged in business as a wholesale grocer.

"What man has done man may do," quotes Mr. Leland, in urging that the memory of children should be cultivated. "The art of printing should have been our staff; we have made it a crutch, and used it till we cannot walk without it."

Mr. Leland would have a child's memory developed by giving it very easy lessons in pure, simple English, such as proverbs and texts of Scripture. No effort should be made to explain the text, but the child should learn it "parrot-like."

One half of every lesson, after the first one, should consist of reviewing the previous lesson. The lesson for the day should be learned perfectly. When the child can recite at will several series of texts and proverbs, with accuracy, the teacher may give, without book, phrases to be learned.

When the pupil can repeat many proverbs and sentences, and can grasp and retain phrases given verbally, a new power will be manifested, which will show itself wax to receive and marble to retain. From the first the pupil must be taught to use the will; that is to will to look intently and will to repeat the words.—*Youth's Companion.*

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

BY C. P. SIMPSON.

The simple testimony of one lady in a noonday prayer-meeting connected with a mission school in the lower part of this city was the means of the conversion of six young men.

When Mrs. K. was a child her father was a sea captain, and also owner of the vessel; he had been absent from home a great deal, and when she was about eleven years old he promised his family that the voyage he then intended to take should be his last. One night while he was away his child felt exceedingly anxious for him, and prayed very earnestly that the Lord would keep him from danger and bring him safely home again. That night the vessel was tossed about in a dreadful storm. The captain had been a professing Christian for many years, but like many others had grown cold in his Master's service, but on bended knee with death staring him in the face, he prayed and pleaded that the Lord would spare him and his vessel, if so, he would consecrate the rest of his life to the Saviour's work. In the midst of his cry the clouds parted and a bright light shone on him and the face of his child hovered over him; from that moment his faith and courage returned; the vessel and all on board were saved, and when he reached his home he found that his little girl had with child-like trust prayed for her father that night, and left him in her Saviour's loving arms.

This simple story was told by Mrs. K. in that meeting. Just behind her were six young sailors, expecting to leave the city the next day. The recital impressed them deeply and made them feel the need of just such a friend, and they requested the prayers of God's people. Four of them were converted before they left the room and went on the morrow with their vessels, but the other two did not find him whom they were seeking until a few days after, but would not leave the city till they had found him.

How appropriate the words of that beautiful hymn—

"Now just a word for Jesus.
'Twill help us on our way.
One little word for Jesus,
O speak, or sing, or pray."

—*Christian at Work.*

COBBLERS EAST AND WEST.

A converted Hindoo is reported to have said at a public meeting in India: "The very lowest caste in India is the cobblers' caste, and it is remarkable that a cobbler from England, Wm. Carey, should bring them the first tidings of the gospel."

AN ARTIST AND HIS WORK.

BY WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.

The artist, Michael Munkacsy (pronounced, as we have been informed by one who ought to know, Mooncatchy), is a Hungarian, whose history reads almost like a romance. Deprived of both parents before he was quite five years old, he was cared for by an aunt, but, not long after, she was murdered by robbers, and he was transferred to an uncle whose poverty would not allow him to give the boy a good education, and by whom he was apprenticed to a joiner. After he became a journeyman he was taught to read and write by some students whose friendship he had won while he was working at the college to which they belonged. He was first drawn to art by observing a portrait painter at work, and having received some lessons from him, he entered upon that career in which he has attained so honorable a place. His is another added to the long list of names which illustrate the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and which prove that where real genius is, it will either find or make a way for its manifestation.

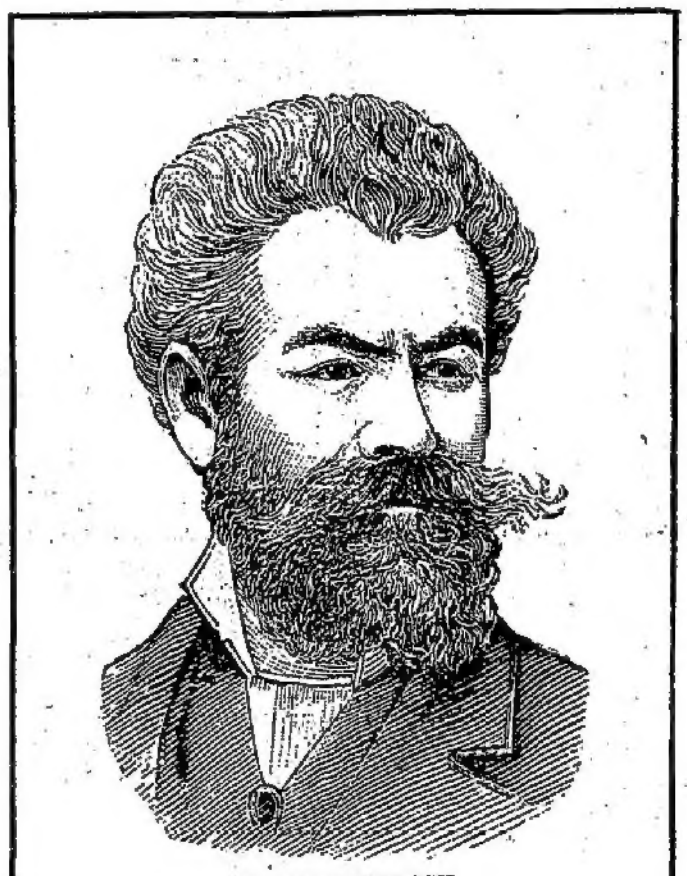
He has produced many works of mark, but his "Christ before Pilate" is perhaps the most noteworthy among them all. The canvas is large, and the figures are all of life size. It represents "the pavement," or open court of Pilate's palace, in which, on a raised bench, the Roman Governor, dressed in a white toga, is sitting in judgment. On his right, standing in an attitude of earnest speech, and with a look of intense bitterness upon his face, an accuser is demanding that Christ should be put to death. He is saying, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Beside him, on his left, are other Jews, evidently sympathizing with him in his vehemence, and eagerly scanning the face of Pilate to see what his probable decision is to be. To his right sits a self-satisfied, good-conditioned Pharisee, taking great comfort to himself in the possession of riches, and interested in the proceedings only for their bearing on the security of his possessions. Behind him is a rude, impudent-looking fellow leaning forward and leering scornfully at the Saviour, while standing on a bench to the right of the judge, and stretching himself up against the wall, taking in the whole proceedings with a scowl of supercilious contempt, is a scribe.

In the background, held from breaking into the court by a Roman soldier who uses his spear as a barricade, is a motley crowd such as gathers upon all similar occasions. Conspicuous in it is a Jerusalem "rough," standing with outstretched arms and open mouth, as if in the act of crying out: "Away with him! away with him! Crucify him! crucify him!" There is but one face of loving sorrow for the sufferer in the picture, and it is that of a young mother with a little child in her arms, representing the daughters of Jerusalem who wept as the Redeemer was lead on toward the cross. But on the left of Pilate there are two figures of great interest. They are gazing intently at the Christ, as if perplexed to know what to make of him—almost saying within themselves, "What if he should be the Son of God after all?" Each of the figures of the twenty or thereabouts which the picture contains has such a distinct individuality that the spectator has no difficulty in retaining their features in his memory, and after he has sat awhile before them they almost take their places in his mind among those with whom he has come into contact in his daily life.

But after a little the student of the picture loses sense of all the other figures in it, because of the fascination by which he is drawn to those two white-robed ones who face each other in the foreground. There stands the Christ, his hands firmly bound with cords, his eyes looking intently on Pilate, and his whole mien one of calmness and composure. There is no agitation or confusion, no fear or misgiving; but, instead, the dignity of one who has just been saying, "Thou couldst have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above." All that is in the posture. And yet, the figure, as a whole, disappoints. It is the Christ of Dore, in his "Leaving the Prætorium," rather than the Christ of the gospels. At least in the coldness of these eyes, mingled as it is with sternness, we fail to see that love which wept over Jerusalem, or that compassion which must have stirred within his heart when he saw before him a great, strong man in the very act of yielding to do wrong against the protest of his conscience. But we never expect to see a painted Christ that will satisfy our imagination, and Munkacsy is to be praised for this, that he has steered clear of the conventional, and given us a conception that is at least his own.

But the Pilate in the picture is its distinctive excellence. Here is a fit representative of the Roman Empire. Massive in frame, powerful in intellect, strong in will, not usually wanting in decision, and commonly not troubled with many scruples. But he is perplexed now. Observe how with his right hand he is clutching nervously at the sleeve of his dress, and how he is looking eagerly into his left hand, the twitching of the fingers of which is almost visible. See, too, that expression of mingled annoyance, humiliation, and reluctance on his face. He never so wished to do right as he does now, and yet he feels himself drifting on helplessly to do the wrong, and despises himself for his own weakness. He has come to the grand opportunity of his life, but he has come to it fettered by the misdeeds of the past, and so he fails to rise to the occasion, and weakly attempts to palliate his guilt by bringing out water and washing his hands before the people. He has so given himself into the power of the Jews by his selfish and cruel conduct as their Governor that now he dared not go against their will lest they should report him to the Emperor, and therefore, too great a coward to look Christ in the face, he gives him up at their demand. That is the sermon of the picture. Let every young reader resolve, as he looks at it, that he will not thus unfit himself for the critical occasions of later life by the evil deeds of to-day. The habits that are threads now will be chains by-and-by, and when we wish to do right we may find ourselves at length, like Pilate, unable to follow the dictates of our conscience.

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" That is the question which Pilate ponders as he sits there, and yet he will not look at Jesus. It is the question for each of us. But let us look at the Christ as he is set before us in the gospels before we finally decide; and if we look aright, we need be at no loss for an answer.—*Harper's Young People.*



M. DE MUNKACSY.

THE PROFESSOR OF ODDS AND ENDS.

There was a little lady once upon a time, so the story goes, who, having no home of her own, lived in the family of a near relative. Just what was her particular mission in life people did not see, as she was very quiet and made no stir in the world whatever. But she herself very aptly expressed the nature of her work when she dubbed herself Professor of Odds and Ends.

This can become a calling in itself, as many beside this particular lady can testify.

Is there a sick baby in the house? All of the mother's work must stop to attend to the little sufferer, while the Professor quietly steps into her place and does such things as cannot be left undone. Or yet, in case of any illness, before the nurse arrives, when she is off duty, or in any similar emergency, the Professor is on hand to do duty. Many a sick person among her circle of friends comes in for a share of attention. It may be only a little thing, a few flowers to this one, or a little delicacy to another, but it is among her manifold duties—just one odd thing that nobody seems to think of doing but just her. Then some of the children need a little help about their lessons. Mother is too busy to attend to them. Sister wants her own time for something very important to herself, and so the Professor comes to the rescue. It is the same with the especial work of nearly every member of the family. There is always an odd or an end to be picked up here or taken up there, just in the home, while all about the neighborhood lie little things to do which no one can do quite so deftly or so well as the Professor of Odds and Ends. It goes without saying, that this Professorship is usually filled by a woman. A man is usually an amateur worker in this department when he does it at all, and some men do really become quite handy in the business. But the Professors pure and simple are women, and usually unmarried women. Old maids, single women by way of courtesy, anything you will, but very useful members of society nevertheless. If they do not fulfil their destiny by doing the little duties which lie next to their hand to do, these same little duties never get done. It is their privilege to loop up the stitches in the web of life which would without their timely assistance ravel out, and much good work would be really spoiled. It is not a Professorship which women deliberately choose of their own accord, it is rather one which is thrust upon them by circumstances. They accept it with all its trials, and it has many, and its limitations, because it seems the work to which they are called, and they find in it scope for many faculties. So that any woman who finds herself only a Professor of Odds and Ends, need not despise her life work. It will bring its own anxieties, its own pleasures, its own rewards.—*Christian at Work.*

NOTHING USELESS.

A visitor to Western Pennsylvania, while admiring the glowing fires in a house warmed by the natural gas, stooped to discover what the substance was which filled the grates and sent forth such intense and radiant heat. He found it to be broken cinders from the glass-works in the neighborhood.

"Why, this is the refuse which I have always seen carted into the river!" he said.

"Yes," replied the mill owner; "but there is always a use for refuse somewhere. The great secret of this world's economy is to find the right place for the waste."

Our French and Chinese kinsfolk know this secret better than we do. They find a place and use for the scraps and the dust. The *debris* of every tradesman's work goes to help another with the task. Even the offal is turned to sweet and wholesome uses.

"Gather up the fragments that remain," said He Who created a world by a word, "that nothing be lost."

A few years ago a good woman in one of our cities was vexed to see how many magazines were thrown into the waste-paper basket in her home. She collected them, assorted them, and sent them to a lonely life-saving station on a New Jersey seabeach. When she died, a friend who loved her continued the work in her name, and the system has been extended until every station on the coast of the United States is provided with a little library of these waste magazines for the use of the crews in their solitary watches during the long, stormy winters.

A missionary in Montana, a man of scholarship and intellectual tastes, living in a cabin and fighting off starvation with a salary of two hundred dollars a year, once wrote, "A poor family in New York send to me their one magazine and newspaper after they have read them. They have been like water to a man dying of thirst. Many a time they have kept me from despair in this solitude. I would read them at night, and go to bed happy, thanking God that there was so much comfort and pleasure in the world."

But the waste cinders are not always thus put into the empty grate to throw forth glowing, radiant heat. In almost every house in our cities there are heaps of books and periodicals which have been read, and are destroyed as useless. Throughout the West and South there are tens of thousands of poor homes into which this waste matter would bring light and happiness.

The rich man's child throws his toys into the fire, and on the next street a little cripple lies on his bed in the garret, with not a rag doll to bear him company.

In this house a woman, upon whose musical training a fortune has been spent, is miserable with *ennui*, and across the way is a hospital for incurables, watching their few remaining days creep wearily away. A song or strain of music every day would come into their dull lives like airs from heaven.

Here is a young girl endowed with education, fortune, and gentle, winning manners, spending her years in absolute idleness, and in the alley near her, in her own kitchen it may be, is another girl, poor, ignorant, eager, into whose empty mind and soul the knowledge and time she is wasting might bring strength and life.

Is there nothing lying waste in our houses or in our lives for which God has a use?—*Good Work.*

ONE AT A TIME.

Do not try to impress too many truths. Children's minds cannot hold many firmly, nor can they appreciate all the "lys" from "firstly" to "tenthly." If you succeed in leaving one, or maybe two, deep in the soul, it is better than having carelessly planted two.

MARY WHO HAD THE LITTLE LAMB.

Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, who lives in Somerville, Mass., has given the Boston *Globe* the following story of the original "little lamb:"

"One cold, bleak March morning I went out with father, and after the cows had been fed we went to the sheep-pen and found two lambs there which had been born in the night. One of them had been forsaken by its mother, and through neglect was about dead from the cold and for want of food. I got it into the house and worked upon mother's sympathies. It couldn't at first swallow, and the catnip tea I had mother make for my sick friend it could not take for a long time. I got the lamb warm the first thing, which was done by wrapping her in an old garment and holding her in my arms beside the fireplace. All day long I nursed the lamb, and at night it could swallow just a little. O, how pleased I was. But I wasn't then satisfied it would live, and I sat up all night with it, fearing it wouldn't be warm enough unless there was some one there to look out for its comfort. In the morning, much to my girlish delight, it could stand; then it improved rapidly, soon learned to drink milk, and from the time it could walk about it would follow me anywhere if I only called it. It was a fast grower, as symmetrical a sheep as ever walked, and its fleece was of the finest and whitest.

"The day the lamb went to school I hadn't seen her previous to starting off, and not wanting to go without getting her, I called. She readily recognized my voice, and soon I heard a faint bleating way down the field. More and more distinctly I could hear it, and I knew my pet was coming to greet me. My brother Nate said, "Let's take the lamb to school with us."

"I thought it would be a good idea, and I consented, and she followed along right behind me. There was a high stone wall to climb, and it was rather hard work to get the lamb over. We got her on top, then clambered over to take her down, and she stood just as patiently as could be, waiting for us to take her off the wall.

"When the school-house was reached, the teacher had not arrived, and but few scholars were there. Then I began to think what I should do with the lamb while school was in session. I took her down to my seat—you know we had old-fashioned, high, boarded-up seats then. Well, I put the lamb under the seat, put on her blanket, and she lay down just as quietly as could be. By-and-bye I had to go out to recite, and left the lamb all right, but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter, clatter on the floor, and I knew it was the pattering of the hoofs of my lamb. Oh! how mortified I felt. The teacher was Miss Polly Kimball, who was the mother of Loring, the circulating-library man of Boston. She laughed outright, and, of course, all the children giggled. It was rare sport for them, but I couldn't find anything mirthful in the situation. I was too embarrassed and ashamed to laugh or even smile at the unlooked-for appearance of my sheep out on the floor. I took the lamb out and put it in a shed until I was ready to go home at noon, when it followed me back. Usually I did not go home until night, as we carried our lunch with us, but I thought I would go home at noon that day.

"Visiting the school that forenoon was a young man named John Roulstone, who was a nephew of the Rev. Lemuel Capin, who was then settled in Sterling. He was fitting for college. The young man was much pleased at the school incident, and the next day he rode across the fields on horseback, came to the little old school-house, and handed me a slip of paper which had written upon it three verses, which are the original lines, but since then there have been two verses added by a Mrs. Townsend. The verses were written together when I got them:

"Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule:
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb at school.

"And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

"From the fleece sheared from my ewe my mother knit two pairs of nice stockings, which for years I kept in memory of my lamb.

"I have not told you about the death of my little playmate. It was Thanksgiving morning. We were all out in the barn, where the lamb had followed me. It ran right in front of the cows fastened in the stanchions, running along the feed-box. One of the creatures gave its head a toss, then lowered its horns and gored my lamb, which gave a piercing, agonizing bleat, and came towards me with the blood streaming from its side. I took it in my arms, placed its head in my lap, and there it bled to death."

Mrs. Tyler, after leaving Sterling, taught school in Fitchburg, was married, and went to the McLean Retreat for the Insane in Somerville, where she held the position of matron for thirty-five years, and for five years more than that was her husband's steward at that institution.

A CATARACT OF ICE.

Walking back along the railway from Field Station, where the Canadian Pacific skirts the base of Mount Stephen's stupendous precipices, we were startled by a sudden loud crash from the mountain far above, followed by a whole series of minor crashes, as of split fragments, bounding down and shivering to pieces on the rocks below.

"What's that?" "Is that a crag coming down?" "Is that an avalanche started?" were some of the exclamations which burst simultaneously from the party of pedestrians.

"Don't be greatly disturbed, gentlemen. It is the ice cataract," observed an older tourist. "A glacier impends from one of the lofty cliffs a little further around, on the north-east side of the mountain. We shall soon come in sight of it."

Half a mile farther the promise was fulfilled. There, in plain view, on the crest of a perpendicular precipice, towering above us to a height of at least two thousand feet, hung the lower edge of a glacier, itself a vast wall of pale-green ice three hundred feet in thickness by a thousand in width.

It was a grand spectacle. Jagged, cracked, fissured and out-jutting it hung there, as if in angry menace to all living things that should venture to pass below.

The slowly acting, yet irresistible pressure of the enormous mass of ice on the slope above the precipice forces this outthrust front wall forward over the cliff; and, from time to time, ponderous fragments crack asunder and fall,—an intermittent cataract of ice,—on the ledges far beneath.

That was what we had heard, while yet a long way off. Sometimes small blocks, but occasionally enormous masses fall down, with crashes heard for many miles along the mountain ravines.

There are many such glacial cataracts in this section of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, some far grander, it is said, than this from the lofty shoulder of Mount Stephen.—*Ex.*

AN ARTIST'S ADVICE ON DRESSING.

Mr. Ruskin, although the greatest living word-artist, does not hesitate to write and talk on some most ordinary subjects. In fact, he has expended his extraordinary powers quite as freely in advising girls how to cook and dress as in setting forth his views of art and civilization. Very practical is most of his advice, too, as, for example, the following on taste in dressing:

"Dress as plainly as your parents will allow; but in bright colors (if they become you,) and in the best materials, that is to say, in those that will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion; but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of; nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking-dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common-sense, and even in the personal delicacy, of the present race of average women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dress-maker, with utmost attainable precision and perfection. And be sure of this, that although in a truly Christian land, every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully, in this entirely heathen and Baal-worshipping land of ours, not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing, and that you have no business, till this be amended, to wear anything fine yourself, but are bound to use your full strength and resources to dress as many of your poor neighbors as you can."

BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.

I know no blessing so small which can be reasonably expected without prayer, nor any so great but may be attained by it. —*South.*

THE FIRST PART OF THE SONG.

"Done! All done! Every one of my Christmas presents is ready, and I've nothing to do but just luxuriate in holiday time all next week. Oh, Auntie, do come and see them! They're on exhibition for this night only. Next Monday I shall tie them up and ticket them for distribution."

"All ready the Saturday before Christmas?" said Justine's aunt. "Such a thing has not been heard of in modern Christmas times, I'm sure. How did you do it?"

"Oh, I've just worked," said Justine, straightening her slender form, and with a sparkle of energy in her brown eyes. "I began weeks ago, and I've had great satisfaction in it this time. I've remembered everybody I wanted to; and everything is just as I wanted it to be, just complete. Do come, Auntie. It's quite a show; and I am as proud as can be over it, and as glad."

Aunt Edith was nothing loath to be ushered up stairs where, upon the table in Justine's room, carefully covered with a white cloth to keep them from the dust, was the shining array of Christmas gifts. There was a glitter of gilding, and a gleam of many colored satin ribbons, and a soft glow of wools and velvets, as the cloth, (all but one corner of it) was removed and Justine's pretty handiwork displayed. She bent over it full of delight.

"Don't they make a show, Auntie?" she said.

"Yes, indeed. But I want to see every single thing in detail, and know just what and whom it's for. You must be the show-woman. Oh, how much beautiful work you have done! What cunning little crocheted pink slippers!"

"Those are for my little Cousin Fan who loves to run about the nursery in her night-dress, and whose mamma is always afraid she'll take cold with her bare feet. These reins are for her little brother. See, they are crocheted round a rope to make them strong. Do you want to see the children's things first? Here is Madge's doll; isn't she sweet? That little trunk she sits on is full of her clothes. She has two full suits, with hats, besides the one she has on."

"I should have been frantic with delight at such a doll's wardrobe in my childhood," said Aunt Edith.

"Madge does love her dolls," said Justine. "Here's Harry's skate-bag. Look at the monogram; it's as gorgeous as I could make it. And see the nice chamois lining."

"It's beautiful."

"These little white silk mittens are for baby. Aren't they cunning? These worsted ones are for Mrs. Malloy's boys who come every week with the clothes-basket. The wristlets are for the man who shovels our snow."

"How comfortable they look. I shouldn't object to a gift like that myself."

"Now let me show you the lovely little vase I've trimmed for Eloise. See the peacock's feather, and the blue and gold ribbons."

"A peacock's feather is something between a gem and a fadeless flower," said Aunt Edith. "It's a mystery of beauty."

"And, Auntie, see this parchment-bound copy of Palgrave's Golden Treasury that I've made a crimson velvet cover for. That's for cousin Ethel. And this handkerchief case is for Irene."

"Lilac satin embroidered with violets," said Aunt Edith; "and oh, how fragrant!"

"But that is not the choicest of my work. Look here at mother's new toilet-cushion and mats!"

"Gold-colored satin! And what exquisite little covers laid on cornerwise and worked with forget-me-nots! What is this cobwebby stuff they are made of?"

"Chinese linen. I am proud of that work, Auntie."

"You have reason to be, it's almost as soft as painting."

"I made them as dainty as I could for mamma," said Justine; there was a lovely look of affection upon her face as she spoke, which her aunt saw and rejoiced in.

"You have enjoyed all this work," she said.

"Haven't I! And I shall enjoy thinking about it. You see, Auntie, I've tried to give people things they would enjoy. I am sure they will enjoy them. Now look at papa's waste-basket."

So they went from one thing to another, Aunt Edith wondering to find how many people the girl had remembered. No one she loved, or who had a claim upon her gratitude had been forgotten. But Justine kept guard over the one still covered corner of the table.

"One thing you can't see, Auntie," she said. "There's one thing secret even from you."

"I can trust you with your own secrets," said her aunt, smiling back at her happy face.

"You've sung the last part of the song in very lovely ways," she presently said.

"What song?"

"Why, the song the angels sung, the old Christmas song. You've said your 'peace on earth, and good-will to men,' in very clear, sweet tones."

Justine looked lovingly at her pretty handiwork, but said nothing.

"But don't forget the first part of the song, dear, the 'Glory to God.' Sometimes I think people do forget in their eager efforts to show the peace and good-will. Have a Christmas present for God, too."

A little shadow fell upon Justine's face. "Auntie," she said, "do you know I haven't any money left?"

Her aunt looked at her—at her erect, slender figure, her face full of thought and energy, the little hand firm and pliant, that she rested on the table.

"There's a nobler gift than money can buy," she said. "There's the spring of all your gifts, dear, yourself; these capable hands, this planning brain, all this vigor and energy of your youth. If you've never given these to God with a real, clear, steady resolution, why, what a gift you have to give him now."

Justine was silent, her thoughtful looks bent upon the floor.

"Every Sunday morning before Christmas," said her aunt, "I wonder that there are not numbers of young people rising in every church to sing their 'Glory to God in the highest,' by giving themselves to him. Doesn't it seem as if that would be the most natural way to celebrate the birthday of him who came to give himself for us, if one had never done it before?"

"I never thought about it," said Justine.

"Think about it now, dear. How could there be a better way to sing the first part of the song than by joining one's self to his visible church, if one had never done it before? You said your Christmas work was all complete. If you think now there's any way in which it isn't so, just make it complete. Don't forget the first part of the song."

With that Aunt Edith kissed Justine, and went away with a prayer in her heart.

The next night being Sunday night, Justine came and sat upon the arm of her aunt's chair.

"Auntie," she said, "there'll be a new name read for membership in our Church next Sunday."

"Yours?" said her aunt.

"Yes, Auntie. I couldn't forget the first part of the song. I never want to forget it as long as I live."

—*Elizabeth Glover, in New York Observer.*

CHRISTMAS BELLS.
INFANT CLASS.
WORDS BY EMMA PITT.
MUSIC BY EMMA PITT
Con spirito.
1. Christ-mas bells, peal on, peal on! On this bright and hap-py morn;
2. Praise the day that gave Him birth, Jesus loved you while on earth;
p
Un - to you a Sav-ior's born, Christ your King Lit - tle chil-dren,
Hón - or Him. ex - tol His worth This bright morn. Glo - ry be to
come and tell, Do you love this Sav - ior well. Then in joy list
God, we'll cry, Bless the star in yon - der sky, Shed - ing beau-teous
GIRLS. Vivace.
to the bell, Prais es sing. Wel-come the morn When He was born,
light on high, Christ is born.
BOYS.
An - gels sing hap-py voi - ces, Hea - ven shouts, earth re - joi - ces,
FULL CHORUS.
Christ is born, Joy bells ring, Ho-san - na Ho-san - na, To our King.

KEEN-SIGHTED AS A HAWK.

All birds of prey have an extent and power of vision suited to their mode of getting a living. The hawk, in particular, is proverbial for his keen sight. What is told of the kestrel catching mice on ploughed land will give one an idea of what this bird is capable of in the way of watching.

The bird was perched on a tree fully a hundred yards from where the nearest plough passed up and down. Ever and again it flew to, hovered for a time behind one of the ploughmen, and returned always to its position on the tree. Getting interested in its proceedings, and wishing to ascertain its purpose, we walked up and down the field with one of the ploughmen. Evidently not liking our appearance, it did not again come near the plough we accompanied.

However, we had ample opportunities of observing its habits at the other ploughs, and found it was in pursuit of mice which were frequently unearthed.

At times the ploughs were between two and three hundred yards from its perch, but on a mouse appearing, it was quickly seen and flown at by the kestrel. In most cases the mice got out of the way before the arrival of the hawk, when it hovered above the place for a time, and returned to the tree. Twice, however, we saw it pounce upon and carry off a mouse. —*Ex.*

CONDUCT is the great profession. What a man does tells us what he is.—*F. D. Huntington.*

WHERE ARE THE NINE?

An exchange says: "It is surprising how few members are active in maintaining the services of the ordinary church. In a church of one hundred members, seventy-five could be picked out whose death would not put a check to any one department of the work. On the other hand, the death of a selected ten would break up the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school and the finances. How the idlers can be content with themselves we do not understand."

"Strange as this may seem," remarks the *Sabbath Recorder*, "it is nothing new. We remember that of the ten lepers whom Jesus cleansed only one turned back to thank him for it and he was a Samaritan; Jesus expressed his sorrow at their ingratitude in words which ought to pierce every indifferent soul: 'Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.' Is this a true picture of the church? Let every one of us resolve that, if we have hitherto been one of the nine we will no longer train in that company, but we will be one of the ten who were not only cleansed but who returned to give God the glory. Any man bearing the name of a Christian ought to be cast down to the depths of humiliation in his own soul, if it can be truthfully said of him that the largest place he fills in the church is on its list of members. In the public worship of God on the Sabbath, in the prayer-meeting, in the Bible school, in the general religious atmosphere of his own home and the community, in works of mercy and deeds of love, in the councils of those who plan and pray for the spread of the Gospel in all the world, in every movement in the social, moral and religious reforms, in the contribution box representing the backbone of all progressive work, in some or all of these places and ways there is certainly room for every consecrated, earnest Christian worker to make himself felt; and every Christian should aim to be such a Christian."—*Selected.*

THE GIFT BIBLE.

A devout and godly woman, who from her childhood had been a constant and systematic reader of the Bible, who had actually worn out several Bibles in the process, and who for several years has been dead and singing in Heaven, some forty years ago presented to her son, on the occasion of his tenth birthday, a copy of a reference Bible, writing on its first page these words:

"May you love its pages, and take it as the rule of your life."

She added thereto the following impressive quotation:

"Within this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
And better had he ne'er been born,
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn."

That mother taught the child of her affections to love the Saviour. That child, after reaching the years of manhood, preceded her in death. She thought of him as in Heaven, while she for more than twenty years afterward remained on earth, expecting to meet him in the spirit-realm. Among the things which she does not there regret is this gift of the Scriptures, as a token of the mother's love alike for her child and her Saviour. Christian mother and Christian father, is there anything better that you can do on earth than to lead your children to Christ? If your example here is wrong and if its effect is bad on them—yea, if your piety, as it appears in the daily scenes of your home-life, is mainly a mere nominal profession, then alas for your influence, and alas for that piety. If where you are best known you seem to be least the Christian, then be sure you are not the mother or the father that you ought to be. If your influence in your family is practically anti-Christian, then may God open your eyes to see things as they are.

Question Corner.—No. 25.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

61. What woman was punished by being smitten with a loathsome disease, but was afterwards healed?

65. How many times was the Jordan divided so that men passed over on dry ground?

Messenger Premiums.

OUR NEW OFFER FOR 1888.

We have pleasure in placing before our readers our large list of new premiums promised in addition to those in the last number of the *Northern Messenger*, and expect, with the greater inducements offered, to have our ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED PRIZE WINNERS of last year more than doubled. Read the whole list carefully and work for the article you want most.

In competing for premiums subscriptions must be sent at THIRTY CENTS EACH.

1. CHRIST BEFORE PILATE. A copy of Michael Munkacsy's celebrated painting now on exhibition in Philadelphia and which cost its owner, John Wanamaker, $120,000. The photogravure reproduction which we have had made especially for our readers is a marvel of beauty and we offer it to all for one new subscription to the *Northern Messenger*, and 25 cents additional, or 55 cents altogether. An old subscriber who obtains only one new subscription may send $1.00 for the TWO copies of the *Messenger*, and TWO copies of the great picture, "Christ before Pilate." The new subscriber will have his paper free until the end of 1888, so the sooner his subscription comes in the more he will receive for his money. The picture measures 19 by 24 inches and is printed on heavy etching paper.

2. MANUAL OF BIBLICAL GEOGRAPHY.—This will be found an invaluable help to ministers, Sunday-school teachers and all Bible students. It is prepared by the Rev. J. S. Hurlbut, D.D., associate editor of the "International Sunday-School Lesson Commentary" and Superintendent of the Normal department of the Chautauqua Assembly, with an introduction by the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., of Chautauqua fame. This atlas contains over fifty maps, twenty-five of which are full page size, 12 in. by 10, and one, of the Old Testament world, covers two pages. Besides these the Manual contains a large number of special maps of important localities, mountains, cities, &c., and also a large number of colored diagrams showing heights of mountains, areas of Tabernacle and temples, and Bible weights and measures. A unique feature is a series of outline lessons in map drawing and blackboard lessons in the geography of Palestine. The regular selling price of this "Manual" is $2.75, but by special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it to our subscribers with ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to the *Northern Messenger* for the small sum of $2.00. For $2.75 we will send the "Manual" and FOUR copies of the *Messenger* for one year. For $3.00 we will send the "Manual" and FIVE copies of the *Messenger* for one year. The regular subscription to the *Northern Messenger* is 30 cents, so that by forwarding us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS and $1.50 more you will secure for your own use one of the best Bible atlases ever offered and at $1.25 less than the regular selling price of the work.

3. THE KING STAMPING OUTFIT, something that every lady needs. Many are prevented from undertaking a piece of embroidery or painting simply because there is no place near by where they can get their material stamped. Then why not possess a stamping outfit of your own. In view of our present offer there is nothing to hinder. This stamping outfit is more than the name indicates. Besides 100 ARTISTIC PATTERNS with two boxes of stamping powder, one black and one white, with the necessary pads and full directions for use on any kind of material, the box contains a book of instructions in Kensington, and Lustra painting, a book of crazy patchwork, a new book of Patterns of knitting and crocheting, and a felt tidy, already stamped, with silk to work it. No lady need be without these useful articles any longer. Send us NINE NEW SUBSCRIBERS to the *Northern Messenger*, or FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS and 25 cents, and we will send you one post free.

4. A BEAUTIFUL POCKET REFERENCE BIBLE, bound in soft morocco, with circuit, gilt edged with six maps and a pocket for holding scraps. To show the value of this offer we have seen a Bible similar to this one which has been in daily use since the early part of 1880 and the binding is still almost as good as new. Given for NINETEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS or FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS and 25 cents extra, or TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS and 50 cents extra.

5. A DOLL ten inches long, with strongly made body, kid arms and legs, bisque head, shoulders and hands, and long fair hair and brown eyes. Sent for *only* SIX NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

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8. A BEAUTIFUL AND LIFELIKE DOLL with long fair hair, bisque face, neck and hands of the natural flesh color, and white kid body of the strongest and most perfect make. A doll with an almost human expression of face, and one that would be treasured by most girls the greater part of their lifetime. This doll will be sent for only SEVENTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, or TWELVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS and 25 cents extra.

9. A LADY'S LEATHER PURSE. This purse is of black leather, of the latest, long, fashionable shape with oxidized corners and clasp, and inner pocket for small change. It may be secured for EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, or TWELVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS and 25 cents extra.

10. A BEAUTIFUL DOLL. The daintiest little doll imaginable, ten inches long, long flaxen hair, lifelike bisque head and arms. Daintily dressed. To obtain it send only NINE NEW SUBSCRIBERS to the *Northern Messenger*, or FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS and 25 cents extra.

"PANSY'S" CELEBRATED BOOKS.

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Any one wanting to read the majority of Mrs. G. R. Alden's popular stories should begin with the first of a series, else some of the charm of the tale is lost. The two we offer above are each the beginning of a delightful set. Send us only TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, at 30 cents each, and obtain one of these. "Pansy's" books have hitherto been very expensive, retailing everywhere at $1.50 per volume.

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CANADA:
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame FRANCES EAGLESON, wife *commune en biens* of John Frederick Wolff, of the City and District of Montreal, Merchant, Plaintiff,

vs

The said JOHN FREDERICK WOLFF, Defendant.

An action *en separation de biens* was instituted in this matter on the 8th inst.

Montreal, 20th November, 1888.

BUTLER & HUTCHISON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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